

*The Historie of*

hot as molten lead, and as heavy too: God keepe lead out of me,  
I neede no more weight then mine owne bowels. I haue led my  
rag of Muffins where they are pepperd: there's not three of my  
150. left aliue, and they are for the townes end, to beg during  
life: but who comes here?

*Enter the Prince.*

*Prin.* What standst thou idle here? lend me thy sword?  
Many a noble man lies starke and stiffe,  
Vnder the hooues of vaunting enemies,  
Whose deaths are yet vnreueg'd. I prethee lend me thy sword.

*Fal.* O Hal, I prethee giue me leaue to breathe a while: Turke  
Gregory neuer did such deeds in armes, as I haue done this day,  
I haue paid Percy, I haue made him sure,

*Prin.* He is indeed, and liuing to kill thee,  
I prethee lend me thy sword.

*Fal.* Nay, before God, Hal, if Percy be aliue, thou getst not  
my sword, but take my pistoll if thou wilt,

*Prin.* Giue it me: what? is it in the case?

*Fal.* I Hal, 'tis hot, 'tis hot, there's that will sacke a Citie.

*The Prince drawes it out, and finds it to be a bottle of sacke.*

*Prin.* What? is it a time to leaue and dally now?

*He throwes the bottle at him.*

*Exit.*

*Fal.* Well, if Percy be aliue, Ile pierce him, if he do come in  
my way: so, if he do not, if I come in his willingly let him make a  
Carbonado of me. I like not such grinning honour as sir Walter  
hath: giue me life, which if I can saue, so; if not, honour comes vn-  
lookt for, and there's an end.

*Alarme, excursions, Enter the King, the Prince, Lord Iohn  
of Lancaster, and Earle of Westmerland.*

*King.* I prethee Harry, withdraw thy selfe, thou bleedest too  
much, Lord Iohn of Lancaster, go you with him.

*P. Iohn.* Not I, my Lord, vnlesse I did bleede too.

*Prin.* I beseech your Maiestie make vp,  
Least your retirement do amaze your friends. *(tent.*

*King.* I will do so: my Lord of Westmerland, lead him to his

*West.* Come, my Lord, Ile lead you to your tent.

*Prin.* Lead me, my Lord? I do not neede your helpe,  
And God forbid a shallow scratch should drie

*Henry the fourth.*

The Prince of Wales from such a field as this,  
Where stain'd nobilitie lies troden on,  
And rebels armes triumph in massacres.

*Ioh.* We breathe too long, come, coosen Westmerland,  
Our due tie this way lies: For Gods sake come.

*Prin.* By God, thou hast deceiu'd me, Lancaster,  
I did not thinke thee Lord of such a spirit:  
Before, I lou'd thee as a brother, Iohn,  
But now, I doe respect thee as my soule.

*King.* I saw him hold Lord Percy at the poynt,  
With lustier maintenance, then I did looke for  
Of such an vngrowne warrior.

*Prin.* O, this boy lends mettall to vs all.

*Exit.*

*Doug.* Another king, they grow like Hydras heads,  
I am the Douglas, fatall to all those  
That weare those colours on them. What art thou  
That counterfetst the person of a king?

*King.* The king himselfe, who Douglas grieues at heare,  
So many of his shadowes thou hast met  
And not the very king: I haue two boyes  
Secke Percie and thy selfe about the field,  
But seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,  
I will assay thee, and defend thy selfe.

*Doug.* I feare thou art another counterfet,  
And yet, in faith, thou bearest thee like a king,  
But mine, I am sure, thou art, who'er'e thou be:  
And thus I winne thee.

*They fight, the King being in danger, Enter Prince of Wales.*

*Prin.* Hold vp thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like  
Neuer to hold it vp againe, the spirits  
Of valiant Sherly, Stafford, Blant, are in my armes:  
It is the Prince of Wales, that threatens thee,  
VWho neuer promisseth, but he meanes to pay.

*They fight, Douglas flieth.*

Cheerely my Lord, how fares your grace?  
Sir Nicholas Gawley hath for succour sent,  
And so hath Clifton: ile to Clifton straight.

*King.* Stay, and breathe a while: